With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtful ſhocke of armes,
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers ſight.
Farewel, the leaſure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And am'ple enterchange of ſweet diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundried friends ſhould dwel vpon,
God giue vs leiſure for theſe rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and ſpeed well.

Rich. Good lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Leaſt leaden ſlumber peiſe me downe to morrow,
When *I* ſhould mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen, *Exunt.*
O thou whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eie;
Put in their hands thy bruſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a heauie fall,
The vſurping helmets of our aduerſaries,
Make vs thy miniſters of chaſtiſement,
That we may praiſe thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Eare *I* let fal the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me ſtill!

Enter the ghoſt of young Prince Edward, ſonne Harry the ſixt, to Ri.

Ghoſt to Ri. Let me ſit heauie on thy ſoule to morrow.
Thinke how thou ſtabſt me in my prime of youth,
At Tewkesburie, diſpaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged ſoules
Of Butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries iſſue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.

Ghoſt to Ri. When *I* was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of deadlie holes,
Thinke on the tower and me diſpaire and die,

Harrie the ſixt bids thee diſpaire and die.

To Rich. Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophiſied thou ſhouldſt be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy ſleepe liue and floriſh.

Enter the Goaſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſet heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
I that was waſht to death with fulſome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeles ſword, diſpaire and die.

To Rich. Thou ofſpring of the houſe of Lanceſter,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile liue and floriſh.

Enter the ghoſts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

King Let me ſit heauie in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret, diſpaire and die,

Gray. Thinke vpon Graie, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, diſpaire and die.

All to Ri. Awake and thinke our wrongs in Richards boſome,
Wel conquer him, awake and win the daie.

Enter the ghoſts of the two yong Princes.

Ghoſt to Ri. Dreame on thy Coſens ſmothered in the tower,
Let vs be lead within thy boſome Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoules bid thee diſpaire and die.

To Rich. Sleepe Richmond ſleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happie race of kings,
Edwards vnhappie ſonnes do bid thee floriſh.

Enter the ghoſt of Haſtings.

Ghoſt Bloudie and guiltie, guiltilie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy daies,
Thinke on lord Haſtings, diſpaire and die.

To Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſoule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Engiands ſake.

Enter the ghoſt of Lady Anne his wife.

Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife,